WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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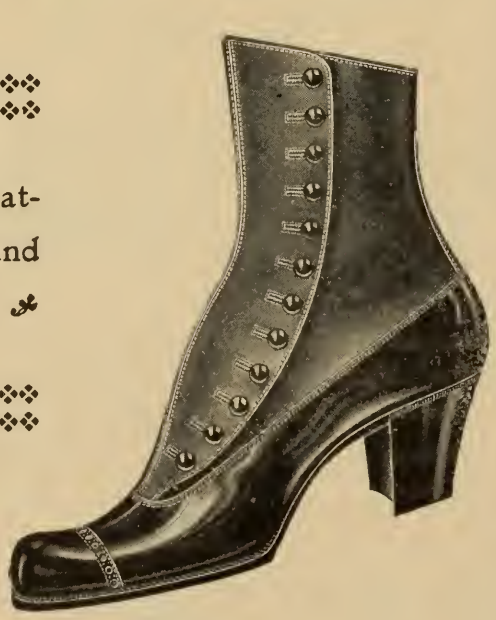

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GRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

WHY WELLESLEY SHOULD CONFER THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

The question of the doctor's degree at Wellesley College is no longer purely "academic." Within a year, three students, of three different departments, have signified the wish to study for the Wellesley doctorate. All these students have worked in the graduate department at Wellesley and have studied also elsewhere. On the other hand, at least four professors of different departments and universities have expressed, within the last few years, their surprise that Wellesley does not confer the doctor's degree and have characterized certain Wellesley masters' theses as of doctor's-thesis calibre.

The Alumnæ editor of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE has asked me to state my view of the possibility of so extending our graduate work as to lead to the Ph.D. Though I heartily approve the conservative policy by which, through all the early years of the college, the doctor's degree has been withheld, I believe that the time has come when we ought occasionally to confer it. The arguments for this change of policy are largely those which have prevailed in the upbuilding of our present graduate department. These considerations are mainly the following: (1) Students wish to continue work already begun in the higher elective classes; (2) the graduate work has an invigorating effect on the undergraduate study in our departments; (3) instructors who are scholars as well as teachers are more readily secured and retained when they have the opportunity to continue advanced work in the lines of their interests. But every one of these arguments tells for the prolongation of the graduate work beyond the master's level. In particular, it may be even more unwise to interrupt a fruitful investigation at an advanced stage, and it may be even more important not to "swap horses," that is to say, instructors, when crossing the stream further from its source. In fact, this extension of the graduate work seems to me so natural and almost inevitable, that I shall assume the burden of proof to rest with my opponents and shall proceed at once to consider the objections which I have heard them make.

1. It is objected that universities, not colleges, should confer the doctor's degree. As it stands, this is merely a verbal difficulty. Any institution, whatever it is called, in which a student can do the work enabling him to pass stiff doctor's examinations and to write a good doctor's thesis may resaonably confer the degree.

2. It is objected that whatever the value, in and for itself, of her second and third, or third and fourth, years of graduate work at Wellesley, a student would miss the great advantage of pursuing her study in vital connection with that larger group of graduate students which, in any university, is at work in every department. This seems to me a genuine difficulty. I would meet it by requiring of every Welles-

ley candidate for a Ph.D. one year of graduate work, under the advice of her department, away from Wellesley. I should hope that graduate fellowships might be offered to make this possible.

3. The last of the objections is the most complex and the most formidable. It is urged that Wellesley College is too poor to undertake any enlargement of her graduate work. Such enlargement, it is said, would imperatively demand more money: First, for equipment, books and apparatus and second, for the provision of instruction. As regards the first point, it is evident, I think, that the objection is decisive against conferring doctor's degrees in departments in which research involves the use of new and expensive apparatus. But there is no important reason for prohibiting work in certain departments which can not profitably be undertaken by others; and it is not only true that some fruitful scientific investigations make modest demands of apparatus, but it is also evident that students at Wellesley College are as richly provided as any American students, by the great neighboring libraries, with books necessary for the most advanced work.

The second part of the pecuniary difficulty is more difficult to meet, for it is sadly true that our instructors' schedules are very full and every one realizes that the graduate work must not be furthered at the expense of the undergraduate teaching, which is clearly our foremost business. Nor is this objection met if one point out that the greater number of instructors who offer graduate work in our universities have quite as many undergraduate appointments as the average member of the Wellesley Faculty. I know a Wellesley graduate, who has the Ph.D. of a well-known institution, who told me that she received from her Wellesley teachers the training in method which enabled her to write with little further help, her doctor's thesis. But we are all agreed that our candidates, if we are to have any, for the doctor's degree, must receive from us direction and instruction. And some of us believe that it would not be impossible, now and again, that work should be so adjusted as to give time for this advanced instruction. In the millenial future, when our general endowment has been secured and when our Alumnæ look for ways of advancing the scholarship of the college, they will provide us with funds which can be specifically used for freeing part of the time of instructors engaged in the direction of graduate students.

I favor therefore a friendly attitude toward requests from students who wish to work for the Wellesley doctorate, and a permission to departments to undertake such work if they see fit. For the present, at least, I would require of candidates for our Ph.D., a year of work outside of Wellesley; and I would guard the degree by the absolutely effective method of requiring the publication of the thesis. With these conditions we should doubtless confer few doctor's degrees, but we should neither impose artificial barriers, nor check work effectively begun. And I have no fear lest the Wellesley Ph.D. should fail of conferring a recognized honor upon the holder of it.

MARY WHITON CALKINS.

WHY WELLESLEY SHOULD NOT CONFER THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

This paper, written at the request of the alumnæ editor, seeks to state certain objections to the granting by Wellesley of the Ph.D. degree. The subject has been discussed considerably of late, and there are those who wish that the college would look towards the granting of this degree in the near future. No one at all familiar with the conditions here will doubt that, as far as the purely intellectual side is concerned, the President and the Faculty could establish and develop a graduate school which would hold a distinguished place among such institutions. It is true, also, that the establishment of a full graduate department would give a more keenly, prevailingly scholastic tone to our life here. It would afford greater stimulus and scope for those of our teachers who are by endowment, training, and ripe experience admirably fitted to direct the advanced work of mature students. Such a school would give increased prestige to Wellesley as an educational centre, and would strongly support the feminist movement by the evidence it would establish of woman's power of intellectual attainment. However, despite all these considerations, the reasons for granting the degree are more than outnumbered by the reasons for not granting it.

The question seems to have two aspects. (1) Shall Wellesley be considered a sort of potential graduate school, conferring the Ph.D. in a few exceptional cases,—for instance, where students working for the M.A., find that a satisfactory development of the study undertaken will cover work that might satisfy the demands of the doctor's degree? (2) Shall Wellesley establish an actual graduate school, offering yearly a variety of courses leading to the doctor's degree? I shall attempt to show (1) that the granting of the degree in a few exceptional cases would be an injustice to the students taking it, and would menace the integrity of the degree itself, because no real, representative Ph.D. can be obtained except in a graduate school; (2) it is not only impossible, but undesirable for Wellesley to establish an adequately equipped graduate school.

First of all it is necessary to analyze the meaning of the degree of doctor of philosophy, and to differentiate it from the degrees B.A. and M.A., both of which are conferred by Wellesley College. People will ask why, if we give the master's degree, we cannot give the doctor's. The undergraduate work in a college has emphasis placed upon the acquisition of information, upon general culture, and the bachelor of arts is expected to have an acquaintance with the fundamental facts and theories upon which civilization is based. Gradually, between the freshman year and the senior, the student is led to place less dependence upon memory and more upon the powers of observation and reasoning, so that upon graduation the bachelor may be trusted to have a mind stored with knowledge, yet flexible, judicial, eager to know the best that has been and will be "thought and said in the world."

In graduate study the burden is thrown more and more upon the student, who is expected to reveal greater depth of knowledge and more systematic, independent methods than were the undergraduate's portion. The work for the master's degree occupies a place intermediate between the B.A. and Ph.D. work, and it varies very much in the different institutions. Some grant the M.A. as a premium for carrying four courses one year at a grade of B, and require no thesis, while in other institutions, like our own, the average candidate must spend two years in study and in the writing of a thesis wherein is tested the writer's powers of gathering material and of expounding facts and opinions. The subject matter of such a thesis is in the majority of institutions general and derived, as compared with the thesis for the Ph.D. Although the work for the M.A. and for the Ph.D. is frequently the same in the first year in many universities, the concluding years of Ph.D. work place most emphatic stress upon specialization. The candidate must give evidence, not only of having acquired information, but must show that he possesses the power of individual initiative in scholarship. To be sure, those who hold the degree of Ph.D. are the first to scout the idea that every doctor of philosophy has completed the ideal requirements, yet he has those

requirements held constantly before him. Independence, originality, skill in scholarly investigation are the traits accentuated. The student receives much individual direction from his teachers, conferences are frequent, and every effort is made by the instructors to discover what the processes of education have accomplished for each student, and to help him to acquire the power of fuller development and of self-direction. He must become an expert in some special branch of his subject, and by the time he receives his degree must have written a thesis which will be a fresh and illuminating, though small contribution to the knowledge of the subject in which he has been specializing. A DOCTOR is, by etymology, one ready to be a TEACHER because he has depth of knowledge and keen, rational power of interpreting and vivifying that knowledge. He is not a person set apart from humanity by virtue of an accumulation of academic lore and experience, but is, rather, thoroughly alive, familiar with the world, and acutely conscious that scholarship must possess piercing intelligence.

Certain fundamental axioms may be enunciated regarding schools where the degree of Ph.D. is given.

1. THE DEGREE MUST REPRESENT WORK OF A STANDARD EQUAL TO THAT IN OTHER INSTITUTIONS. Despite the variety of kinds of work done for the Ph.D. there are certain established conventions. Three years is the usual time spent in study and the work accomplished is vouched for in quality and in quantity by teachers competent to direct it. Teachers in such a school must possess above all things abundant leisure for directing graduate work. They must have time, not only for frequent extended conferences and for careful deliberative inspection of students' work, but time, also, for keeping in touch with the investigations and the publication of similar schools. Leisure for keeping up in one's subject is important in any sort of scholarship, but doubly important for those who are to train experts. No teacher who is burdened with undergraduate work can conduct graduate work which will give constant stimulus as well as precise training. The mind of a teacher cannot be automatically switched from undergraduate to graduate work; a true leader of graduate work must live in his subject and must be intent upon its deeper aspects, vitally absorbed in them, dominated by them, so that his students respond irresistibly to the stimulus of his activity.

2. THE SCHOOL GRANTING THE DEGREE MUST HAVE COMPARATIVE EQUALITY AMONG THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS. While it cannot be expected that all departments will be absolutely parallel in excellence, it is essential that there should be no manifest inferiority due to lack of mechanical equipment or to any other cause. Poor work done in any department drags down the standard of a university, and casts suspicion upon the degree given in other departments.

3. THE SCHOOL MUST BE LARGE ENOUGH TO GIVE THE DEGREE A RECOGNIZED STANDING IN THE EDUCATIONAL WORLD. A graduate school which confers degrees in exceptional cases cannot fulfill the proper functions of such a school, nor do work of a satisfactory sort. A teacher who once in several years directs the work of a student for the doctor's degree can hardly be as effective a teacher as one who does such work constantly and has had experience with graduate students and with graduate methods. There is danger that the student pursuing her studies in lonely seclusion from her peers will get a false estimate of her powers, and will not have the broad outlook of those who in seminar and in social groups receive stimulus and correction from one another. One of the most valuable elements in graduate study is constant discussion with students in the same or in other departments about their investigations and their dissertations. There is necessary training won by association with other kinds of work, other sorts of specialization, and the isolated student is defrauded of one of her prerogatives. The solitary product of one department is an interesting but entirely unknown quantity. She is unique, she must flock by herself, lacking the prestige which belongs to graduates of well-established schools.

4. THE GRADUATE SCHOOL MUST NOT CONFLICT WITH THE ADEQUATE DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNDERGRADUATE, nor deprive it of any of its rights or privileges. This is, of course, based upon the assumption that the institution concerned desires to maintain a college department of the first rank. This question of the un-

dergraduates seems very important in every way. Our first duty is to them, and not until we have found a satisfactory solution of their problems can we venture to promote a graduate school. We must realize that there would be danger in withdrawing the abler teachers to graduate work. The natural tendency of women to accept the spoken or the printed word has to be combated constantly, and for a good many years must be done by teachers who are of high standing, and who will endeavor to banish that spirit of compliance and regularity which is a menacing danger in the attitude of the average girl. We cannot afford to sacrifice anything we have gained in the way of education, and we must advance. We must seek for smaller classes, so that each individual member may get sufficient attention, and may have that close, exact, searching discipline which will test and establish her scholarship.

5. THE MEMBERS OF A GRADUATE SCHOOL SHOULD NOT, TOO EXCLUSIVELY, BE ALUMNÆ OF THE COLLEGE. This may not seem a self-evident truth, yet a graduate school fed from its own college will lack the intellectual fire and resistance met with in schools made up of a varied body of students where the shock of change and of adjustment to new conditions and outlooks provokes intellectual growth. Students who carry on their graduate work in the same place where they did undergraduate work cannot fail to manifest a certain subservience to the known habits and thoughts of teachers who continue to be their directors, and there is danger of provincialism and of complacent self-assurance if a student continues for seven years in one familiar spot, cherishing its special graces. There is need of contact with students who have been trained under different methods, and who bring variety of experience, frank criticism, and fresh appreciations. Acquaintance with scholars from a distance is peculiarly valuable in graduate study because it sharpens the perceptions and broadens the outlook. If students from afar are to have fair treatment they must not feel that they are outnumbered by the alumnæ of a certain institution, and regarded as aliens. The majority of our M.A.'s are Wellesley graduates. Does not that prove suggestive of the danger in a school for Ph.D.'s?

The foregoing considerations would seem to show that a Ph.D. granted only spasmodically would not represent the best sort of training, and would have slight significance to the educational world. We must satisfy the highest not the lowest standards of academic custom, and not deliberately offend against the more strict requirements of modern scholarship.

Turning to the second question, the founding of a graduate school, it may be pointed out that Wellesley cannot establish such a school because she has not adequate endowment. The first necessity of such a school would be teachers, and there is no money to pay their salaries. Those who are at present teaching in the college cannot be asked to add anything more to their duties, for they would not have the power to create more mental energy, no matter how willing they might be. New teachers for the undergraduate school would be an absolute necessity.

Moreover, we should need more class rooms and more laboratories for doing graduate work. Last year it was impossible to find an unoccupied room at 11.45 on Wednesday for holding a certain graduate course in English literature. What would happen if we had more graduate students? The science departments will doubtless protest that they have not as much room as they wish for their undergraduates. Then, too, there is the question of the library. Wellesley has unquestionably the best library in any woman's college. It had a specially generous foundation in the volumes contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Durant. Gifts from Professor Horsford, Mr. Plympton, Professor Palmer and others have come, and year by year an excellent working library for undergraduates has been built up. But this library would need many changes before it would serve for a postgraduate one. We should have to have theses, monographs, periodicals, which we do not now possess. These publications may be in the Boston Public Library or in the Harvard Library, but it seems preposterous to offer graduate work under such conditions. More important still, is the consideration that the graduate students should not crowd out the undergraduates. Our undergraduates are noted for making constant

use of the library; and it would be shocking if they were dispossessed by graduate students. There is not room enough nor are there duplicate books enough for the needs of both a flourishing graduate and an undergraduate school. Surely, a graduate school cannot be created without teachers, class rooms, laboratories, and books.

FINALLY: There is no insistent need of a postgraduate school at Wellesley at present, for there are many places where a woman may study, places which give advantages that Wellesley cannot possibly offer. Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, Michigan, Wisconsin and other universities give women exactly the same opportunities they give men, and there is a decided strategic advantage in sending women to frequent these institutions, rather than the segregated woman's college. The woman question has by no means been solved, and the creation of another segregated school where women could work for the Ph.D. would simply be a means of intensifying rather than lessening the tension on this question. Men should know far more than they do now about the actual working of women's minds under precise demands. This is not a plea for coeducation in undergraduate work. What is valuable and important for older women is not so satisfactory for younger ones, many of whom are not primarily scholastic in their interests. Women of mature years profit undoubtedly by study in coeducational graduate schools, where friction and interest are given by having men and women in the same classes. There is a difference between the masculine and the feminine point of view, and both men students and women students, to say nothing of the teachers, are benefited very notably by their interchange of ideas. Moreover, in a large university, where there are schools of law, medicine, and theology, a student is impressed constantly with certain forces of educational aspiration and training which are lacking in the life of the woman's college. The average woman needs all the breadth and cosmopolitan interest she can acquire, and life in a real university has some definite formative influence which takes her out of the self-centered world she lives in. The atmosphere is stirring, not sedative.

Is there sufficient reason why Wellesley should not remain an institution where the Faculty are willing to develop as fully as possible the power of young students? Is it not well for the Faculty to build firm foundations, and give their best efforts to that liberal education which develops in each undergraduate the power of clear, vivid, and exalted thought?

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, '96.

THE HIGHER COST OF GOING TO COLLEGE.

Cornell's sudden discovery that the college expenses of the student of to-day are thirty-two per cent. more than those of the student of sixteen years ago has prompted a nation-wide inquiry into the pleasant field of the cost of college living. This inquiry has had some interesting results, has disclosed that in nearly every institution the price of tuition has steadily risen—on an average forty per cent.—and that Cornell's figures are neither peculiar to herself nor exaggerated. In fact, the statement is made by at least two colleges that it requires fully fifty per cent. more money to pass comfortably through college to-day than it required in 1892.

Thus does this business of higher education take from the people's pockets a continually growing amount of wealth. And the advance is not only absolute but reactive. The old economic theory of "the greater the demand the higher the price" finds its academic counterpart in "the more students the greater the cost to each."

For years and years, for centuries, in fact, it has been impressed upon a slow-learning people that the tuition fee does not begin to represent the amount of money that the college expends in the education of the individual student, the annual loss to the institution in each case running from two to four hundred dollars. Now it becomes someone's duty to lay public stress upon the self-evident fact that the greater the enrolment the greater the college's annual

loss. So common is the impression that increased business means increased profits and theoretically lower prices that the difference between the academic mill and the industrial mill must be clearly set forth. Otherwise campaigns for larger endowments and advances in tuition will find little popular support.

There are, of course, factors in the increased cost of college living over which the institutions themselves have no control. Higher prices of meat, flour, vegetables, clothes and every other necessity fall upon all, upon the rich and the poor, upon the student as well as the laborer. Then, too, there applies to-day in realms of art and science that pretty little theory that the cost of higher college living is quite as much responsible for our condition as the mere higher cost of college living. The undergraduate of to-day is not content with the things that satisfied his father. In the dormitories electricity has taken the place of kerosene, the old wood-burning fireplace has given way to steam, and a desk and a bed are the incidentals rather than the essentials in the furnishing of the modern room. The walks to the lecture halls must be of macadam and vast campuses must be kept as fresh and closely shaven as golf greens. To recite or to take notes in a wooden building is no longer fashionable; brick or even marble must be the construction material. The second-hand book and table are almost things of the past. Fraternities and clubs, not actual necessities, but generally so regarded by students fortunate enough to be asked to join them, are flourishing as never before and doing their share to help drain parental pocketbooks. This list of newly found luxuries might easily be continued, but continuance would only serve to show how easy it is for a man to spend money which he himself has not earned. The main fact we are trying to establish now is just how much more expensive a proposition is the college education of to-day than was the college education of a little less than a generation ago.

Considering the question solely from the standpoint of tuition we are able to reduce the results of our investigation to a few rather significant figures. Below is a table which will show the tuition fees that obtained in 1892 and obtain to-day in about thirty representative colleges. For the sake of uniformity only the fees for the arts departments are enumerated, except in the cases of those colleges which are strictly and solely technical. State universities are omitted from this list for the reason that as a rule they make no charge to residents of the states in which they are located. In view of their rather peculiar position in this respect they will be considered individually at a later time.

College.	Tuition 1892.	Tuition 1912.
Allegheny	$ 36	$ 75
Amherst	110	140
Bates	36	50
Bowdoin	75	75
Boston University	100	140
Colgate	45	60
Columbia	150	150
Dartmouth	96	140
Hamilton	75	90
Harvard	150	150
Johns Hopkins	125	150
Lafayette	45	100
Lehigh	60	100
M. I. T.	200	250
Mt. Holyoke	75	150
Northwestern	69	100
Princeton	150	160
Purdue	13	35
Radcliffe	200	200
Simmons	100	100
Smith	100	150
Trinity	100	100
Tufts	100	125
Vassar	50	150
Wellesley	150	175
Wesleyan	105	140
Western Reserve	50	125
Williams	105	140
Worcester Polytechnic	150	150
Yale	155	155

Further study of this table will disclose that it contains the names of only eight colleges which have not increased their tuition fees in the past twenty years and, significantly enough, in virtually every one of these eight cases the fees in force in 1892 were higher than, or at least as high, as the average fee to-day. The greatest jump in the list, absolute, as well as comparative, was taken by Vassar, which raised its charge from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. Others showing a rather large proportionate increase are Allegheny, Boston University, Dartmouth, Lafayette, Mount Holyoke, Smith, Wes-

leyan, Western Reserve and Williams. The average rate of increase for thirty colleges is slightly more than forty per cent.

Coming to board and room, another exceedingly inportant factor in the college living, whether applied to the college man or his less fortunate brother, we find a few more figures. To unify this table all the increases are put in terms of percentage.

Increase in Cost of Board Since 1892.

College.	Per cent.
Allegheny	33
Amherst	18
Bates	33
Bowdoin	25
Colgate	33
Dartmouth	50
Hamilton	0
Harvard	22
Holy Cross	0
Lehigh	0
Leland Stanford	40
Mount Holyoke	14
New Hampshire	20
Princeton	35
Purdue	40
Radcliffe	0
Rhode Island State	30
Smith	0
Trinity	30
Tufts	33
University of Georgia	0
University of Illinois	35
University of Michigan	10
University of Pennsylvania	18
University of Vermont	33
University of Virginia	18
Vassar	16
Wellesley	30
Wesleyan	33
Williams	50
Worcester Polytechnic	10

The above table needs a word or two of explanation. The colleges which are blessed with zeros beside their names are, it will be readily see, few; but they are at the same time numerous enough to deserve particular attention. That any institution is able to offer board at the same rate as prevailed in 1892 is indeed remarkable. Such a situation indicates either that board was unduly costly twenty years ago, or that the college dining-room is to-day doing business at a loss. In either case no especial significance can be attached to the figures, because they do not represent normal conditions. If some sort of average is sought, a little arithmetic will demonstrate that the rate of increase for all the above colleges is 23 per cent. This showing, considered in the light of conditions in the country in general, is really exceptional and would seem to prove that, costly as education has become, the college man is hardly bearing his share of the burden imposed by the rise of the scale of prices in the last two decades.

HENRY F. CLAUS,
In the Boston Transcript.

A YEAR'S CHANGES IN WELLESLEY'S MISSIONARY MAP.

A year ago appeared in this magazine an article which endeavored to place the Wellesley women who are to be found in missionary fields all around the world. It is the purpose of this writing to trace the changes that a year has witnessed among them.

In the inner office of the Christian Association hangs the Wellesley missionary map, soon to be replaced by a bright new one, on which the situation of every Wellesley woman now in active missionary service is marked by a tiny blue flag. There is a goodly list of those who within a year have won their flag and who will appear for the first time on the new map.

In making out this list we begin with two brides whose recent weddings were of special interest here because so lately they have themselves been with us.

GRACE KILBOURNE, (1910), our Christian Association Secretary of last year, was married in May to William E. Kerr and in the summer sailed from San Francisco to her new home in Chai Ryung in Korea. Letters are already beginning to come from her which show strenuous activities even now. The first years of preparation for usefulness will be easier in her case because Mr. Kerr's work is already well established and he himself familiar with the language and the people.

The other wedding was in Louisville, Kentucky, a few weeks ago, when MARTHA CECIL, (1909), our Christian Association President of 1908-'09, became the wife of James M. Wilson. Together they have sailed for Hangchow, China, where they will work under the Southern Presbyterian Board, Mr. Wilson to be a teacher in Union College there.

In this connection we can not help thinking of a third wedding, which did not indeed add a flag to our map, but transferred one already there. HELEN CURTIS, (1908), our Christian Association Secretary, 1910-'11, had been teaching for a year in a girl's school in Marsovan, Turkey. Last January, in Boston, her fiance, Luther Fowle, the son of one of our missionaries, Carrie Farnsworth Fowle, was ordained for missionary service and sailed at once for Turkey. They met in Constantinople and were married there and now they are settled in Aintab, Turkey, where they are beginning their work.

RUTH LYON, (1904), has also recently become the wife of a missionary, marrying Dr. Sidney L. Lasell, a physician who has been working several years under the Presbyterian Board, and going out with him to live on the island of Hainan, off the coast of China.

An interesting departure on the part of an older Wellesley woman is that of ABBIE MAYHEW, student at Wellesley, 1881-83, and 1884-85. She has been for many years physical director of women students in the University of Wisconsin and now goes under appointment of the National Y. M. C. A. to Shanghai, China, to open there a training school for teachers of physical education and to direct it personally for its first two years.

Under a temporary appointment also, DR. KATHERINE B. SCOTT, (1900), went out during the past year to Madura, India, to be in charge of a fine hospital there under the Congregational Mission in the absence of Dr. Harriet Parker, now in this country. Dr. Scott went out for a single year only, but remains for a second year of service.

OLIVE GREENE, (1906), goes out under the same board to teach for a year in the Collegiate Institute in Smyrna, Asia Minor.

ALICE GIFFORD, (1907), has gone to teach in a girl's school in Tokyo, Japan, serving under the Friends' Missionary Society.

MINNIE HASTINGS, (1907), after a few years of teaching in this country, is able to carry out the missionary purpose of her college days and has returned to Ceylon, the land of her birth, where she will teach in the Uduville Girls' School.

ELEANOR FRANZEN, (1911), has just arrived at Bombay, where she is to be in charge of a school for orphan boys.

FRANCES GRAY, (1912), is teaching in a girls' school in Peking, China, sent out under the Missionary Board of the Methodist Church.

PHŒBE POTTER, student in Wellesley, 1909-11, has gone to her home in Teheran, Persia, and although not under regular appointment as a missionary, is doing some teaching in the girls' school in which

Anne Stocking has been working several years.

To these names we must add the three who have this year joined the Faculty of Constantinople College: Miss Agnes Perkins of our Wellesley Faculty, from the English Department, Sarah Anderson, (1904), whose home has been in Constantinople, her father being a professor in Robert College, and Leslie Conner, (1909).

By so much are our total forces increased and to offset the gains the losses of the year are not many in number. As always, a few are compelled for one or another reason to lay down their tasks. Grace Brackett Lewis is the wife of a Y. M. C. A. secretary who for many years has been working in China. Now his field of work has been changed to Cleveland, Ohio, so they return to take up their abode in this country. Elizabeth Hume Hunsberger and her husband, home last year for their furlough, have now resigned permanently and will not be returning to their station in the American Mission in Bombay. Dr. Louise Grieve, once in Ahmednager, who was chronicled last year as loaned for the time being to the Presbyterian Mission for medical work in Syria, has been forced on account of her health finally to resign and will make her home in this country. We are very sorry also to hear that Dr. Eleanor Stephenson will not be able to return to the hospital in Ahmednagar. It will be noted that most of these losses fall upon the one mission in India.

Upon this same mission falls the loss also in the one death which we must this year record. Alice Harding Churchill of the Class of 1900, president of our Christian Association in her Senior year, was married the year after her graduation and went back to live in Ahmednagar, where she was born. She has been one of the best loved and most influential members of that missionary circle. Last year during her furlough, we listened to her voice once more in our college chapel. She returned to India and in April last, in the hill station of Mahableshwar, suddenly died.

Another loss by death which occurred in January, 1911, but which failed last year to be recorded, is that of Myra Weld, (1887). She had been for seven years a missionary under the Woman's Baptist Board in Swatow, China, where she died.

The comings and goings of our missionaries in their years of furlough are of constant interest to us because we always cherish the hope that in the course of their year's visit to America they will find their way to Wellesley and bring to us the inspiration of a first-hand account of the work with which their hands and hearts are full. We hereby invite any and all of them to step into the Christian Association office on the first floor of College Hall and find a warm welcome awaiting them.

Mrs. Fowle of Cæsarea is now in this country and Mrs. Gertrude Willcox Weakeley of Japan. Beyond these I am unable to find the names of any who are enjoying just now their well-earned rest. Mrs. Gertrude Chandler Wyckoff, however, Wellesley's first college missionary, is expected soon and Mrs. Elizabeth Logan Ennis of Angola, West Africa, "the only white woman in a region as big as most of Massachusetts," is hoping to set her face westward for her first furlough next spring.

On the other hand, several have lately returned to their fields from last year's furlough. Miss Mary Noyes has gone back to Madura to resume charge of a large school there and with her Helen Chandler Cannaday. Miss Margaret Waterman has returned to the Philippines to find to her dismay some hasty and premature "civilizing" processes going on among her simple Igorrotes. Miss Purdy has gone back to her school in Mexico, Mrs. Wilson to Tabriz in Persia, Miss Searle to the presidency of Kobe College in Japan.

Our memories are fresh of the visit among us last year of our special missionary, Dr. Ruth Hume. Now she is at home again, taking up all the duties of hospital, dispensary and private practice, which in her absence Dr. Eleanor Stephenson carried with such efficiency. In July she sailed, in company with her sister, Hannah Hume Lee, who was returning with her two little children to take up alone her work in Satara. They arrived in August and were warmly welcomed by their friends and crowned with many garlands, as the pretty custom of the country is. Dr. Stephenson was quite ready to lay the work down when Dr. Hume came to take it up and already has arrived at

her home in New York, not expecting now to be able to return again to Ahmednagar. Fortunately, Dr. Hume was able to take a medical assistant with her, this time not a Wellesley woman. Almost every week since her return a short letter has come back to the college from Dr. Ruth, who takes time thus out of the midst of her busy life to keep us familiar with the details of her work. These letters are kept together in a convenient place in the Christian Association office accessible to all. A few minutes taken out of our busy lives each week to stop and read these little bulletins would bring us into close touch with this beautiful and fruitful work of ours in India.

These are exciting days for our Wellesley friends in Constantinople, a specially eventful fall for the new comers to arrive. For a short time the school was moved by the American Ambassaador's orders to a place near Robert College, for the possibility of better protection, but it has now returned and classes have been resumed. Still the year's work has been sadly broken, some of the students having been sent home and those who remained being distracted by the nearness of the war and thoughts of the danger to soldier fathers and brothers. The trail of the armies of refugees returning from Europe to Asia, led directly past the college gates and there has been plenty of opportunity for relief work. For some weeks Miss Hathaway stayed out of college and served as nurse in the Red Cross Hospital.

The year has also brought momentous changes in China, the results of which some of our workers have felt. News concerning our Wellesley Y. W. C. A. work in Pekin can be gleaned from Frances Taft's last letter, found in the January number of this MAGAZINE. The workers in this mission were forced to betake themselves for protection for a time to a treaty port during the disturbance of the Revolution. The same disturbances also drove Jessie Hall away to Shanghai from her school in Tsing-kiang-pu. Her sister, Susan Hall, 1901, who is completing her second year of visiting and teaching in China, was fortunately with her to share the experience of exile. Now tranquil conditions are restored and Jessie is back at her post as head of the girls' school. Gertrude Carter Gilman, stationed at Hankow, had also to leave for a time with her children, but has now returned. The work of the Yale Mission in Changsha has been affected by the same necessities of exile. Nina Gage, superintendent of the nurses' training school, had to leave her post, but so thoroughly had she organized the work, the Annual Report says, that in her absence the nurses were able to carry out an elaborate system of charting.

School life suffered seriously from the Revolution, but to the medical mission there was opened a whole new field of work. The Red Cross work of relief, which the Yale Mission was equipped to do for the soldiers, won the grateful praise of the Governor of the Province. Perhaps no mission suffered more through the war than that at Pao-ting-fu, where Isabelle Phelps is. After an exile of four months in Tientsin the missionaries returned to find the city rejoicing and about to celebrate the establishment of the Republic. But the next day, March 1, rioting broke out among the soldiers, followed by anarchy and plunder. The mission buildings, however, were saved and crowds flocked to them for shelter. This kind of extremity is often the missionary's opportunity and so it seems to have proved in this case. Regular school work is hopelessly broken up, but the homeless refugees in the ruined city are more open than usual to the Christian influences that come to them from the missionary's kindness.

In Persia the year has been a sadly eventful one because of the downfall of the hopes of independence and the invasion of the Russians. Echoes of these conditions are found in the letters of Anne Stocking from Teheran. Fear of the outbreak of fighting and patriotic demonstrations of all kinds have interfered with business in the cities, but it speaks well for the results of the missionaries' teaching that the girls' school has gone on in a self-controlled and quiet way in spite of everything.

Space fails for giving even a glimpse into the lives of the many mentioned last year whose work has gone on in out-of-the-way places and in quiet and usually uneventful ways. May one incident be told out of many? Laura Chamberlain Waddell is living in an interior station in Brazil. A year ago on Christmas Day, her husband was taken ill with a mysterious malady

which made it necessary for him to be taken to New York, possibly for an operation. She watched him start a journey which meant transportation on the shoulders of men for a hundred and five miles to a point where he could take rail, river steamer and finally ocean steamer for New York, then turned back herself to carry on alone his work and her own, waiting for slow and uncertain news from him. The news, when it came, we are glad to hear, was all good. But stories like this give us a sudden sense of the opportunities for heroism in these lives once lived alongside of ours and now so far away, and we are anxious to keep in remembrance and honor all our Wellesley missionaries.

ELIZA HALL KENDRICK, '85.

THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ AT ANN ARBOR, NOVEMBER 11-16.

The next number of the Magazine published by the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ will contain full reports of the recent meeting at Ann Arbor, so that it would seem a waste of labor to anticipate in any way the official account which every Alumna will be interested to read. This report, therefore, merely sketches some of the features of the session.

Michigan was a fair field for the place of meeting, and helped to widen the horizon of many a land-locked provincial who knew it only as the land to which one trustfully sends a cheque for three dollars and receives therefrom holeproof hosiery which will turn green before it belies its guarantee, and of Detroit only as the home of the electric runabout and the Freer collections. Such a one has learned at least that the railroad plunges under the river and not through a mountain at Detroit, that Michigan has no visible horizon; that all trolley cars sooner or later pass the University gymnasium, howbeit they bear the label for Jackson, Toledo, Marquette or Lansing; that Ann Arbor is full of hospitable houses and friendly faces; that the campus squirrels are very plump and wear yellow brown trimmings on their gray coats, and that the Detroit College women know how to solve the problem of entertaining a hundred visitors on a sloppy, snowy day without a dull or lonesome moment.

A glance at the program shows that it would have taken all the Misses Beauchamp and Sally and several other disassociated personalities working simultaneously to attend all the meetings, or if attending, to store up a true account of so many. We all did our best, however, assisted by the Ann Arbor Taxicab Company, which has recently increased its plant from one to two limousines and a touring car, which were kept whirling about on two wheels early and late. Some mathematical head contrived always to have one-third of the outfit within call, and you were thereby enabled to attend two synchronous teas, post into the suburbs for an evening conference, catch trains at every possible moment, and attend receptions in your best Paris gown if you had one—(I might add here that a private communication from Ann Arbor reports that the Taxicab Company has since declared an extra dividend, and is presenting violets to its lady patrons).

The formal meetings were opened with the reports of branches which sent representatives. They were thirty-one in number, a surprising record, as heretofore never more than seventeen had reported. The work of the branches is usually concerned with local, educational or municipal problems concerning, for example, the standing of ungraded schools, salaries of teachers, maintaining scholarships and fellowships, establishing open-air and vacation schools, truancy, school age, state appropriation for schools, municipal housekeeping, vocational opportunities. The Philadelphia and New York branches have concerned themselves with the work of the Bureau of Occupations, the splendid success of which has reached the ears of all of us. The Chicago branch joins two other clubs in paying for an advisor in the High School to look after the individual girls who need advice in their academic

work or in the choice of their occupations on leaving school. The Indiana Branch has started a branch of the Consumers' League and the State Superintendent of Industry has asked it to appoint two college women to serve as advisors to girls employed in mills. Some branches are frankly social and aim to draw together college graduates. The smallest branch, Huntington, West Virginia, is kept in existence by a loyal Ann Arbor graduate who goes once a year from Louisville, Kentucky, so as to keep its membership up to the requisite number to keep it in the Association. The Western New York branch tolled in some eighty new members last year by inviting all eligibles in the vicinity to two receptions where they were addressed by two Chrysostoms of the association.

The reports were inspiring and the excellent suggestion was made that they should be compiled in some way and either printed in the magazine or be sent as a separate publication to each branch. One could not fail to realize that more organization and combination of work would lead to greater efficiency among the branches. Miss Reilly, Dean of Bryn Mawr, spoke on the necessity for united effort on the part of the branches to inform its members of the general work of the association, to keep informed of the problems of higher education, of professional training, and of educational questions in general. She suggested that members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, who are working on committees in other organizations, should keep their own branches informed of their work. Above all, she urged that each branch should do some definite piece of work, in such lines as its location demanded.

The luncheon, which followed, was the first of a delightful series of noon gatherings, two at Ann Arbor, one at Detroit and one at Ypsilanti. Those at Ann Arbor were served by college Seniors to the members who grouped themselves informally, and found the combination of chatter and excellent viands piquantly interrupted at intervals, one day by short addresses by President Pendleton, Mrs. DeForest of New York and Miss Puncheon of Philadelphia, who spoke of the personal aspect of the work of the Bureau of Occupations, and the next day by the Woman's Glee Club of the university, who sang the songs of all our "Almæ Matres" to which we piped a feeble return in small groups. Wellesley and Smith tied the second place for the largest volume of sound after Michigan University.

The afternoon session was occupied by Dr. Gulliver, President of Rockford College, who spoke on Scientific Home Making, after which we whirled in cabs, or padded about a-foot to attend two receptions at the houses of President and Mrs. Hutchins of the University of Michigan, and of Regent and Mrs. Beal, charming, hospitable houses that were a real pleasure to visit.

Dr. Angell, the President Emeritus of the University, greeted the Association at the evening session, outlining the opposition to the admittance of women in the early days of the university, and showing how his early belief in the movement had been justified by the body of women who had graduated. Mrs. Morrison, president of the Association, replied, after which addresses were made on some of the present tendencies in the public schools, by Dr. Mary B. Hinsdale, Ann Arbor, and Miss Puncheon, Assistant Superintendent of the Philadelphia High Schools. Their pleas in favor of a return to the older groups of studies, with less attention to "vocational" training, met with strong criticism from Dr. Chadsey, Superintendent of the Detroit schools. Wednesday was entirely devoted to considering the report of the Reorganization Committee, at the end of which, not having come to a final vote, the association adjourned to meet later in its best bib and tucker at a reception given by President and Regent in the Alumni Memorial Hall. This new building, which contains the art collections of the university, is splendidly adapted for social gatherings of this sort, with great columns, wide stairs, broad galleries and a central hall open to the roof.

Thursday whisked us, guests of the branch, to Detroit, by special train and by motors to Mr. Freer's house and galleries. Here we had the rare opportunity of seeing at leisure that room of rare Chinese paintings, some of which Mr. Binyon had used to illustrate points in his recent Lowell lectures, the unparallelled collection of Whistler's wonderful opalescent pottery of Mesopotamia and Persia, and then the

"Peacock room," mysterious and significant, which is the setting for Whistler's Princess in Porcelaine, and which houses those new-found manuscripts, one of the Gospels and one of Deuteronomy and Judges. Mr. Freer himself had specially printed catalogues for us, and generously talked about his treasures. Luncheon was served at the Hotel Cadilac, where the writer was seated so far from the Kingpin table that she cannot give any adequate report of the telling and witty speeches which were made in the intervals between courses.

In the afternoon the business session opened. After the report was read of Mrs. Clarke, who resigns her post as Secretary-Treasurer, after eleven devoted years of service, Miss Katherine Puncheon of Philadelphia was elected as her successor. The rest of the afternoon was spent on the plans of reorganization, and the new constitution was finally adopted at approximately 5.15, P.M., without a dissenting vote.

The Friday session was in Ypsilanti. The main business was the report of the Committee on Corporate Membership, given by the Chairman, Dean Talbot of Chicago.

Report Extracts.

The most important recommendation was that the Carnegie list should no longer be the basis of recommendation, but that of the United States Bureau of Education, whose lists are broader, including state and denominational institutions. Alumnæ of Grinnell, Indiana, Lawrence, Mt. Holyoke and Swarthmore Colleges were then admitted to the association. This session was pleasantly interrupted by Miss Julia Lathrop, Director of the Children's Bureau, Washington, whose address on the new work held her audience in rapt attention.

The luncheon at Ypsilanti, where the delegates were the guests of the Household Arts Department of the State Normal School, was unique. Received by students immaculate in white uniforms and caps, we were given a delicious meal, served in cafeteria style, all of which had been prepared by the members of the department.

After the luncheon special cars bowled us across the flat lands to Ann Arbor for the afternoon session, but not so fast that our eyes were not gladdened by the appeal for higher education which met us in huge letters blazoned on barns and fences—after advice to wear Sorosis shoes, drink Harvard beer, buy the watch that made the dollar famous—how refreshing to read "Attend Cleary College." University Hall at Ann Arbor welcomed us back, where we were reminded by two college presidents and a dean of our responsibilities as college graduates.

The final dinner, for which I believe the Ann Arbor branch had to be personally responsible, as no caterer would undertake it, was in the Barbour Gymnasium, transformed by screens and bunting, flowers and lights. The raised presidential table was one which would make one proud. Miss Crocker, the toast-mistress, Mrs. Morrison, President of the association, with President Emeritus Angell, President and Mrs. Hutchins, Dean Coes, President Gulliver, President Thomas, President Pendleton, President Wooley, President and Mrs. Burton. All spoke on the especial type of college over which they preside, except Miss Pendleton, who had been asked to speak on Alice Freeman Palmer.

The interest during the meeting was concentrated on the reorganization, a scheme which aims to make more effective the work of Alumnæ in fields which interest them as college graduates. The appointment of sectional vice-presidents to organize and correlate the work of the branches is perhaps the most significant measure, for it means that separated bodies of Alumnæ will find their work made more effective by co-operation. Then there are associate and affiliated members, and we shall become a body in which every member may vote for representatives at meetings. The Council of delegates and officers will meet every year, and the Association biennially. The Council will meet in Chicago this spring, and the Association in Philadelphia at Easter time, 1914.

It is hoped that the new constitution will commend itself to all eligible Alumnæ and that the Association may increase its membership many fold, so as to become actually what it aims to be, the representative body of all American college-bred women.

Alice Walton.

CITIZENS OF ST. FRANCIS'S ASSISI.

Up worn and paven ways they climb
With meager mien and dress;
A look within their silent eyes
Akin to saintliness.

No traffic stirs that ancient dust,
No feasting breaks the spell;
Of pleasure and of worldly gain
They have no tale to tell.

They only hear the call to prayer
Come faintly echoing down,
From that blue, soaring, lonely peak
Above the grey, old town.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, '96.

In the Springfield Republican.

BOOK NOTICE.

"WHY WOMEN ARE SO."

Mrs. Mary Roberts Coolidge, who has just written "Why Women are So," will be remembered by many Alumnæ as Miss Roberts, former instructor in History and Economics and Secretary of the college during Miss Shafer's administration. She gives in the Los Angeles Times the following interesting account of the origin and purpose of her book.

"This book goes back to my father, Isaac Phillips Roberts, of Cornell University, who was not to me the author and professor of agriculture whom the world knows, but the friend and companion of my whole life. During my girlhood he discussed evolution—then a forbidden, new theory—and stock breeding and religion and all sorts of advanced subjects, assuming always that I could understand; and it was because of his generous attitude toward all women that I grew up without realizing the conventional limitations of girls in my day.

At the same time my sympathy with the lives of purely domestic women came through my mother, who had what New England people call "faculty" and who, being highly competent in household matters herself, exacted from me every housewifely duty. Before I was seven years old I had pieced two bed quilts, and before I entered college I had learned to cook and to cut and fit and make my own clothes, besides doing several varieties of the inartistic fancy-work which was then the fashion. I liked it all—I still do—I really enjoy doing the more skilful parts of housekeeping like cooking and mending. Like most girls at that time I spent many hours at the piano and in singing, which I liked best of all. In spite of a very busy life I have kept up the singing, and in recent years have given a good many folk-song recitals.

It was my good fortune to be co-educator at Cornell—the most progressive university of the period—and to be permitted, as very few girls of my kind were in those days, to leave home to earn a living, just as if I had been a boy. Instead of the narrow, routine teaching of elementary subjects to which most young women were then confined, I passed rapidly from a fine high school in Washington, D. C., where I taught only boys, to an equally high-grade private school for girls in Cincinnati; thence to a woman's college—Wellesley—where I not only taught history and economics, but acted as an executive secretary and came under the influence of several unusual women, especially of that pro-

phetic and rarely womanly woman, Alice Freeman Palmer.

Having had, it might seem, an experience of every variety of feminine human nature in the conventional East, it was my fate to be transplanted to the far West and California. There I came under the tuition of Prof. Amos G. Warner, David Star Jordan and that exceptional body of men who constituted the first faculty of Stanford University. I became again a student —of race problems, of charities, poverty and crime—and began to specialize in applied sociology; spending vacation periods at the South Park Settlement and at the old Almshouse in San Francisco, then a summer at the New York School of Philanthropy, studying the kind of justice meted out to the poor in the police courts; and the winter of 1900 as a charity visitor on the East Side.

After these years of study and six years as a professor of sociology at Stanford. where I was the associate of Prof. Edward A. Ross, I gave up formal teaching in 1903 and concentrated upon the research work which produced my book on "Chinese Immigration." In later years I have been constantly lecturing to women teachers and to women's clubs in the country districts of California; and at the same time have traveled from three to four months of every year—sometimes in Europe, but most of the time in the Southwest, camping on the desert or living in little pioneer towns in Arizona and New Mexico. Indeed, the greater part of this woman book was written in a hotel in a little mining-cattle town in one of the most arid portions of New Mexico.

As I grew older my view broadened and my mind was more and more filled with the pitiful limitations of the great body of unknown domestic women whose opportunities had been so much less stimulating than mine. At last, it seemed to me I found a clue to the "average woman"—an explanation of her inadequacy, her futility, her narrowness and yet her marvelous feminine competence—I found it in the wonderful strength and unperverted womanliness of the exceptional pioneer women who had been unconsciously emancipated by the conditions of a new country and by an inevitably equal partnership with men.

I met gentlewomen who had fought with men behind rocks to save their children from Indian massacres; wives of polite eastern education who had borne children in loneliness without doctor or midwife on plain or desert; widows who had defended their rights to property with a shotgun; school teachers who had taught themselves to lay sewers and pavements or to ride the range gathering cattle; wives who drove stages over lonely routes to support invalid husbands. I saw that they were not less womanly, but different—less petty —more adequate to a woman's destiny. And on the other hand, I saw many women of potential ability in cities and towns wearing out their lives in futile busy-ness or hanging like dead weight upon their menfolk. It came to me that the matter with such women was that they had been puppets—too civilized—too feminized. I came to look at my kind much, I fancy, as Dr. Dubois and Dr. Washington think of their race; as needing a generous attitude on the part of all mankind and a richer, freer opportunity.

Because I myself had been generously treated and had had a better chance than I could make use of, I had no grievance to bias my mind against either men or women. Every woman I ever knew is in this book—eastern and western; conventional and untaught; rich and poor; good and wicked; pure and impure—there is no kind of woman and scarcely any kind of man that I have not known. I am hoping that men will read this book. I feel sure they would have more sympathy with the struggles of women to find themselves if they would suspend judgment upon what women are doing, try to understand why they are as they are, and then be willing to turn them loose to develop what is in them. I believe with H. G. Wells that the womanly nature is an almost untouched mine of wealth for the constructive purposes of the world; and with Havelock Ellis, that men need not fear what the freed woman will do."

TRAINING TEACHERS BY MAIL.

Six courses in education, primarily intended for teachers in both grades and high schools, are now included in the correspondence-study department of the extension division of the University of Wisconsin. These courses are being offered to meet the demand on the part of teachers who cannot take time to attend a college or university, but still want to improve their methods of teaching and keep up with the newest ideas in pedagogy.

Principles of teaching is the title of the first course offered and deals with vital educational problems in a way intended to meet the actual needs of teachers. In the second course, the development of childhood and youth is taken up, the work being adapted to the needs of parents who desire to instruct their children, as well as to the needs of teachers.

Two courses in the history of education are offered, the first dealing with the entire subject of modern education, while the latter is confined only to the history of education in America.

For teachers who wish to know something about the mental processes of the child, a course in educational psychology is given. In this course are taken up such topics as innate tendencies, instincts, the acquisition of experience, economy in memory and mental work, motor training, mental fatigue, individual differences, sensory defects and their treatment, attention and interest, and the transference of training. A course in administration and supervision of education is also offered.

UNDERGRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

MOTHERHOOD: A MASQUE.

Characters: { A Mother. An Angel. Three Children.

Scene: An open woodland.

Time: At the close of day.

Mother: Only one moment they are gone from me,
Yet my poor, miser soul stands robbed and dark,
Hungrily brooding on their last bright looks,
Thirsting to catch the rainfall of their feet
Returning straight, unerring to my heart.
To-day I felt a change creep past my care,
Into my flock; it rested on my boy;
His eyes grew hungry for big thoughts, his mouth
Quite lost its flowerlike pout and wore a look
Of wistful sweetness, sadder far than pain;
Older than eyes of old men ripe to die,
More piercing than the Crucified, such sadness
In a child. But here they come to me!

(Enter the children singing.)

Children:

The trees are running to play with us,
The waving grass is laughing,
The wind keeps teasing to stay with us,
As he catches our hands in passing.
The clouds like ships go creeping,
The night is coming soon,
The stars are the angels peeping,
And the moon,
Is God's balloon.

(The Boy lags behind the others. He does not join in the singing.)

Boy: Mother, what is the night?

Mother: Night is the time,
Soft slumber comes to end the cares of day.
That jay that quarrels yonder with the squirrel,
The bees, those honey-craftsmen, busy ants,
Our friend the dog, and all us human folk
Lie down at night in soothing care-free sleep
To heal us from the weariness of day.

Boy: Why have we weariness? And why have care?

(But the other children now dance through; catch the boy by the hand and pull him along with them, singing.)

The clouds like ships go creeping,
The night is coming soon,
The stars are the angels peeping,
And the moon,
Is God's balloon.

Mother (sighing): The change has come. Within my eldest's heart,
Thought has awaked and its attendant, pain.
Who calls me?

Angel (appearing): I am he.

Mother: Thy will be done.

Angel: The Master sends to thee another trial
Of motherhood, to pierce, to purge thy soul.

Mother: The yoke bears ever heavier. The pangs
Of birth far easier than these later pains.

Angel: Life-giving endeth not with birth. It is
A duty ending but with life itself.
He bids thee choose thy children's destiny,
The pattern of their fate, the warp and woof.

Mother: Nay, Nay! not that! My children they are free
To shape their own desires and mould their fates.

Angel: The choice is thine. Escape it thou canst not.
As thou hast steered their toddling, baby steps,
As thou hast made their infant bodies grow,
So must thou guide the budding of their thoughts,
So must thou tend the garden of their souls.

Mother: True thou hast said—I cannot leave them free.
The mother-nature in me pants to choose;
To pick for them the brightest thread of life
Through pleasant places, haunts of love and dream.

Angel (As he produces two plain little wooden boxes and holds them out to the Mother):
Here are two caskets; all thy duty lies
To choose between them. Think it no light task;
Drift not to choice, nor even trust desire,
But let love be thy guide and stretch thy heart
To measure the eternal love, for so
Thy love be great enough, it cannot err.

Mother: Help me, eternal cross of motherhood,
As I now stake upon this feeble choice
My children's souls, thrice dearer than my own!

Angel: Within this casket lie the fairest days
Steeped in a sunshine mellow as old wine;
Starred nights as dreamless as oblivion,
Cool winds that neither scorch nor even chill,
All that shall fire the blood, the hearts of men
To wanderlust, to dreams of chivalry,
To epic fancies, swallowed up in turn
By dreams more Titan, more Utopian.

Mother: Surely this is the casket!

Angel: Wait to hear.
The other offers fogs and drab twilights,
Some bursts of sun, but quickly overcast.
Necessity, whose stern goad pricks to blood,
Marches behind and shadows pleasant days.
She drives man out far in the frozen north,
Becalms him in a trackless southern sea,
Or withers him in cities with the blast
Of furnaces or numbs with bitter toil.

Mother: Has this man no reward?

Angel: Thou answerest.
The one has beauty, suppleness of form,
The other has it not—or if he hath
Small worth accounts it, unless grace may be
Linked to an inward beauty—hard to trace.
The one hath glistering riches, broidered gowns,
Chased flaggels, fragrant Flavian, soft silks,
Perfumes and flowers, jewels rare, long-sought,
And all his days are spent in joy of them.

Mother: Surely this is the happy life.

Angel: Yet wait.
The other scarce hath shreds enough to screen
His body from the blast. His purse is cold.
He hath no pleasure in such soft delights,
For all his thought is bent another way.

Mother: Such poverty, such meanness for my boy!

Angel: The one is lapped in pleasure all day long.
He cherishes the arts; the lofty pile,
The gleaming statue and the lush ripeness
Of old portraits, the poet's frenzy, too,
But most he loves the sobbing lilt of song.

Mother: My flow'rlets shall be handmaids to the arts
And tug chords from the world's old rusty heart
And pluck their strings to notes sheer heavenly.

Angel: The other shall not dawdle with the arts,
His goal is set in life, his knowledge there.
Deeply he drains the hearts of men; their heights
Of hope half-uncreate, their brutishness.
Steadfast he looks upon the page of life,
Striving to read the mystic meaning there.

Mother: It is too sad. My child must not know life;
To-day my boy ate the first bitter fruit
Of thought and pain. He shall not taste again.

Angel: The one shall do no work, only admire
The work of others: live in palaces
Piled up by horny hands and wear the cloth
Wrought by eyes dimmed with weeping and long toil,
And read the books of them that wrote with blood
And sing the songs that burst the makers' throats.

Mother: O, am I dreaming! Cruelty, the price,
By which to gain the beauty of this world?

Angel: The other one shall labor without rest,
Unceasing till life cease. Stern tasks shall call:
The groan of war, the pettiness of peace,
Dull, grinding labor, mingling curse and balm.

Mother: All men must toil; yet this seems strangely hard.
Which wins the goal of his desire?

Angel: Who knows!
The one with riches surfeits his desires
Till they are dead. Then he desires desire;
They come not back. The other fails his end.
What matters it? His pathway flowers with deeds
Of love and faith that overtop his goal.

Mother: A light! A vision! I begin to see
Which hath the true reward—yet tell me more.

Angel: The one has love: a wife, a comrade's love,
Arms that enfold him sweetly throughout life.
The other, few that bide; his comrades die,
Yet greater love enfolds and strengthens him,
The everlasting wings shall bear him up,
The love of Christ, which passeth not away,
Shall help him to endure all things with joy,
Shall exalt life into a miracle.
Now choose!

Mother: Help me, O cross of motherhood!

(Unseen voices sing.)

O lonely tree atop the world,
O cross of blood and strife,
Upon thee broods the holy dove,
Thy healing leaves I see unfurled,
O blossom, miracle of love!
O blossom, tree of life!

Mother: I choose this casket for my children, filled
With labor, sorrow and the love of Christ.

Angel (disappearing): Well hast thou chosen.

(The boy comes back).

Boy: Mother, who was here?
I thought I heard broad wings—thy face is bright!

(The mother opens the casket and taking out a thorn, gives it to the boy.)
(The other children now enter, singing.)

The wind is singing the trees to sleep,
The hungry lambs are bleating,
The night is weaving her magic deep,
The soft stars give us greeting;
And mother's voice is calling,
O come, O come, O come,
Hasten, the night is falling,
Come home, come home, come home!

CURTAIN.

MARIE T. COLLINS, 1913.

MR. MACDOWELL.

An Imaginary Portrait.

I CLIMBED the hill, and knocked at the door of the little, ordinary, white house, where Mr. MacDowell lives. A sweet-faced lady opened the door.

"Is Mr. MacDowell at home?" I asked.

"Mr. MacDowell is in the garden," she smiled.

So I went to the garden, and there was Mr. MacDowell bending over a rosebush. He was hard at work, digging around its roots with a rake. But he turned when I came up behind him, softly.

"Good afternoon, child," he said.

"Good afternoon, Mr. MacDowell. I came to see how the flowers were getting along to-day, and to see if you were going to walk by and by."

"We'll go to walk right away," he replied. "But first—what flower will you wear this afternoon?"

"I think I will have a rose off this bush to-day, thank you." And I watched him slip off one earthy glove and break the green stem for me.

"I think I should like two to-day," I timidly added, because I liked to see the cords in his thin, white hands stand out as he twisted and broke the stem.

"Your hands are not like my hands, Mr. MacDowell," I discovered mournfully to myself, as he went to put the rake away. But when he came back, I asked quite cheerfully, "Have you made any poems about these roses, Mr. MacDowell?"

"Not just these roses, child—no," he reflected. "But most of my verses are too grown-up for you, I'm afraid."

"They're not any more grown-up than your music, Mr. MacDowell, I'm sure, and you know I just love that. So tell them to me anyway—because I can keep them till I am grown-up, you know."

"Well, then, here's a very poor one.—

"Sweet-alyssum,
Moss-grown stair,
Rows of roses,
Larkspur fair.

All old posies,
Tokens rare
Of love undying
Linger there."

"I think that is perfectly beautiful, Mr. Macdowell," I said admiringly. "And I think you have a perfectly beautiful voice for saying poetry. Haven't you any more?"

"If I can rightly remember, child.—But this one is very grown-up indeed, and has four stanzas."

"Never mind, Mr. MacDowell," I urged.

"Old lilac bushes, thin and grey,
In wistful longing sigh;
Dishevelled roses blush in vain,
No mistress lingers nigh.

The tansy creeps e'en to the door
Through garden tangles sweet;
Gaunt, crabbed trees their wizen fruit
Strew at the master's feet.

And lo! a cricket bravely chirps
Within the lonely house;
But those who loved there long ago,—
They sleep too deep to rouse.

But keep, O keep your trust to heart,
'Twill never last now long;
For house and ye shall pass away,
Yea! even as my song."

"O, Mr. MacDowell," I whispered, "Your voice is so much beautifuller for long poems than for short. Aren't there any more long ones about roses?"

"That's all I can think of. But see, we're coming to the brook now, and you have to go across on the stepping-stones without wetting your feet."

I ran ahead in glee, and traversed the narrow width of the swift little brook. But when I turned back for Mr. MacDowell, he was far behind, and I had to call to him three times before he came. He was thinking about something beautiful, I could see, and I thought perhaps he had been making a poem, so I asked him about it, and he said, "No, I was watching the light on the hills beyond the brook." (By his eyes I knew he had forgotten about me.)

"You know, child," he said, "once I had thought of becoming a painter.—Did you ever see the sketch I made from my old master?—It was poor, but I could

have done better,—a lot better, if I had had the time. Every day there's a little bit somewhere,—perhaps it's the line of the hills against the sky,—sometimes it's people,—though almost always it is some thing out-of-doors. And I think, if I had the time, I could paint them. But they always turn into music, and sometimes into poetry—almost always grown-up poetry,—and there isn't time for all three ways. So the music, being the strongest way, I make all the time, and the pictures must stay in the back of my mind somewhere, where they can only help to make the music more beautiful."

"I think that's a lovely idea, Mr. MacDowell," I said, very impressed. "And perhaps, sometime, you will come to the end of the music, and then you can begin to paint the pictures," I added hopefully.

"And now, perhaps you can remember some long poetry about brooks?"

"No long ones about brooks, but here's one about a swan, and that's just as good, isn't it?—Only it's another grown-up one," he apologized.

"Never mind, Mr. MacDowell. Do go on," I urged eagerly.

So he smiled and began:

"The swan bent low to the lily,
'Mid wavering shadows green,
And the songs he murmured softly,
Knowest thou what they mean?

I could tell thee truly,
But Oh! I may not dare;
Look in my eyes and tell me
What said the lily fair?"

I was a little silent after this one, because I felt that it was, perhaps, a little more grown-up than it should have been. So he spoke quickly, "Of course you didn't like that one. I've just thought of a better one that has a real brook in it, and isn't quite so grown-up."

"I should like to hear it," I replied, politely.

"Mid daisies and pansies,
Wild roses and rue,
In a garden of fancies
Dappled with dew,
Where a brown, swishing brook
Speeds singing, 'She's true,'
Here wait I, my love,
For you."

"I do think that's better, Mr. MacDowell," I said sincerely.

We were scrambling through the pine woods now, down to where the log-cabin and the piano are. This was the part of the walk I liked best of all, because I knew, when he sat down at the piano, he would play a long time, and I could curl up under the window and listen with my eyes shut, while the wind would come through the pine-trees outside and mingle with the music; so that sometimes I felt as if the wind were the music, and it lifted me up and carried me far away into a land where all the little girls had angel faces, and when they smiled it was singing.

Mr. MacDowell was sitting down at the piano now, and passing his long fingers lovingly over the keys. I saw that he was going to play new music to-day, so I did not speak, but shut my eyes and curled myself into a ball under the window. I listened for a long time dreamily. It was dreamy music, and made me think of the name of the little cabin where we were,—the house of dreams, he called it,—and I knew it was my house of dreams, because almost all the dreams I had ever had,—at least all the ones I liked to remember,—I had dreamt there—to his music.

"I am going to play about a rose, now," he spoke presently, bending his head slightly over the notes, as though to listen, if they were all in tune. His delicate fingers were just the color of the ivory keys, as they lay there, quiet a moment, before they began gently, rhythmically, to create the softly swaying music of the rose. I closed my eyes tighter. It was a very precious rose the music was telling about, one too precious to break or to lose; but one to look at always for the breathing beauty in its color and the wind barely stirring its petals. It told of all the little bendings of the rose in the wind, how it nodded in the passing breezes, and once, how it was nearly bent to the ground, when a very sturdy wind passed over it,—until, at the very end, the wind passed by and I opened my eyes.

Mr. MacDowell's fingers lay on the keys, just where they had ended, and he was listening to the fading echo of the last sweet note.

"That was a very beautiful rose," I said softly.

"And now I'm going to play about our

meadow-brook, and then I'm going to play about a water-lily. You will like the water-lily even better, I think."

I shut my eyes again, and waited eagerly for the first note.—It was a little waterfall that ended very suddenly. The next note was another little waterfall, like the first; and then, the third time, a real waterfall burst forth, and rippled away into the merry brook, that chased singing along, bubbling over all the little sticks and stones, and finally bursting into laughing waterfalls again. I could feel myself still smiling, when they stopped. But it was only a lingering moment of silence and then instead of the dancing brook, I could see a beautiful white water-lily floating on a quiet pond.

It was very still music and I held my breath to listen. Before I knew it, I was a water-lily myself, swaying, ever so slightly to the softly swaying music of the water. Then, in the midst of my peace, came a sudden little rocking wind, that rudely splashed a few drops on my gleaming petals, and made me plead in anxious notes with the troubler. The wind stopped immediately, and then I was happily peaceful again, as at first. Only my music was even more beautiful now, because I could feel myself slowly closing, and my closing song was the most beautiful of all, because I was singing good-by to the day. Softer and softer the music grew until the last sweet dying note melted into the dream-silence.

I sat perfectly still, with my eyes tight-shut, because I had not yet stopped being a water-lily, and if I moved, I might get a drop of water on my whiteness.

But Mr. MacDowell had stood up, and I knew he was looking out of the window, over my head.

"It's near sunset time, child," he said.

"O, but play me the sunset music," I pleaded, so he sat down at the piano once again.

It was getting brighter and brighter above the hills, as he began. I did not need to shut my eyes now, because I could watch the glory of the sky grow to the glory of the music, pale colors first, the farewell colors of the tired day, sending all troubled hearts to rest beyond the hills; brighter colors now, golden edges to the clouds, silver shadows on the hills, rose-red sky behind it all—reaching high up into the darkening evening, and resting far out along the crest of the twilight hills; then a dazzling burst of glory everywhere, enfolding hills and clouds and sky in one big splendor, which set my heart to aching with its fire. Now came my angel-children, with the singing voices and the white, white clothes that wrapped them round like clouds—they came trooping out of the sunset-glory, down the silver shadows of the hills, to me. I stretched out my arms to them, and my cheeks grew wet, as I watched them coming, until, as they got almost close, the music suddenly grew fainter and fainter, died into the dusk, and my arms fell into my lap, as my children died into the dusk, too.

Then Mr. MacDowell's soft voice was close to me, saying, "What do you see, child?"

I shut my hands tightly, and could not answer him. But he unloosed them, and took me by the hand, and, together, we walked up the path to the little white house on the hill.

Rachel Fish Burbank, 1913.

A DESERTED TRYSTING PLACE.

Helen, thy garden close desolate lies, and the wind
Scatters the weed-grown rose, sweeter than spice of Ind.
Yearly it wilder grows, seeking its first estate,
Carefully fostered of late.

Helen, the ancient urn, laden with ivy leaves—
Thither no lovers turn; in it, Arachne weaves
Mysteries none can learn, over a faded note
Last left, that Paris wrote.

Helen, why startest thou, hearing the arras stir?
Dost thou remember now happier times that were?
Fair, but with loveless brow, Paris goes silent by.
Dost o'er à Kempis sigh?

SUSAN WARREN WILBUR, 1913.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

AS the wagon drew up before the ranch house Jane Butler looked about her with some surprise. But lately from the middle West, she had not yet learned that a good ranch did not necessarily mean an attractive one. To her eyes the dingy building,—the first story of logs, the second of shingles, once painted red, but now reduced by time and weather to a dull rust color,—seemed unattractive to the point of repulsiveness.

Her husband jumped down and helped her alight. Picking up her bag he moved toward the house.

"I told Mrs. Green to clean the house up a little before we got here," he began in his rapid, slurring speech, "but I seen Mr. Green down at the post-office t' Alder when we come through, and he said she was took sick 'fore she quite finished."

He opened the door and set her bag on the floor.

"I'll go'n put up the horses—g'wan in and make yourself comf'table," he said, and turned back to the team.

Jane entered the narrow hall and almost stumbled against the first step of the steep, narrow staircase that led up to the second floor. By moving her valise she was able to open the door to the right, which she discovered led into the parlor. The low room was lined with white cambric and scantily furnished with a few chairs, a little stove on a square of zinc, and a stand with a faded plush cover, upon which stood a small glass lamp. The only decorations were a number of old advertising calendars pinned on the wall, and a patent medicine almanac hanging behind the door.

Tired by the long, hot journey, and uncomfortably grimy with the dust of the road, she felt sadly depressed,—an unfitting state of mind, she told herself, for a bride of a week. Yet when she thought of the short time which had elapsed since she had come west to visit her married sister, she began to feel that her friends' disapproval of her rather hasty marriage to this well-to-do, middle-aged rancher, of whom she really knew very little, might have been justified to a certain extent.

But Jane was neither weak-minded nor weak-kneed. She had enough sense not to take too much to heart the feeling of disappointment which, she resolutely told herself, was due mostly to fatigue. Rising from the squeaky rocker into which she had sunk upon entering the room, she took off her coat and hat and proceeded to explore farther. Stepping over her valise in the hallway she opened the opposite door into what proved to be the dining-room. Her thoughts went back triumphantly to the caller who had come to congratulate her on her approaching marriage, and had, among other gloomy observations, prophesied that if she wanted

to live on a ranch she must accustom herself to eating in a hot, stuffy kitchen, and maybe sleeping there, too. The room with its oilcloth-covered table and long shelf covered with green perforated paper and adorned with an alarm clock, was not very attractive, but Mrs. Green had evidently exerted herself, and, like the parlor, it was fairly clean.

Then she opened the door to the kitchen. The heavy odor of all the bacon which had been fried there three times a day since the house was built, and of the tobacco smoke which had so permeated the walls as to be a part of the logs themselves, struck her like a blow in the face. Poor Jane, unused to the savor of log cabins, especially those where there are no women, sat down weakly and looked around her. It was evident that Mrs. Green had scarcely begun her attack upon this room. A pile of fire-wood lay on the grease-spotted floor beside the stove. In the middle of the room stood a bucket of cold soapy water with a scrubbing brush bobbing drearily on the gray surface. Near the door were several boxes of canned provisions which had evidently been recently deposited there by some one in a hurry.

Jane was roused from her contemplation by loud thumps on the stairs. She went out to the hall and assisted her husband in his struggle to carry up her small trunk.

"Isn't there any other man on the place?" she asked.

"Joe Williams,—went up creek,—load of hay," grunted Stephen between thumps.

Jane followed him into the bedroom in the front of the house and told him where to place the trunk. Then she sent him out for a pitcher of water. The room was close and she tried to raise the window, but it stuck fast and she was unable to move it.

"I wish you'd open that window," she said as Stephen entered with the water.

"Can't. That window hasn't been opened since,—since,—for a long time," answered Stephen, shortly.

"It'll have to be fixed then," she returned just as shortly.

Stephen turned his back abruptly and Jane trusted herself to say no more. She found it hard to control her temper even when she was not tired,—and she already had reason to know that Stephen's temper was a match for her own.

"I guess it's about supper time," he suggested after a few minutes. "I built a fire in the stove. Mrs. Green didn't seem to get very much done, but I guess you can manage for to-night."

A vision of the kitchen rose before Jane's eyes, but she descended without a word, and managed to get a meal out of the provisions which she found at hand. She called Stephen and noticed that he looked uneasily out of the window as he entered and, after he had seated himself, kept watching the door.

Suddenly it opened and a little girl with a dirty, freckled face and two frayed little braids of brown hair, entered, clinging shyly to the doorknob. Jane would have been less startled if an orthodox ghost with its head under its arm had walked into the room.

"Who's that?" she demanded sharply.

"That—Oh, that's,—well, to tell the truth, Jane, it's my niece,—my dead sister's little girl." He gasped with relief after his flurried speech.

Jane's eyes narrowed a little. "I thought you didn't have any relatives."

"Well, Ethel died quite a while ago and little Fanny here don't count," said Stephen, now more at his ease. "She isn't quite right,"—and he tapped his high shiny forehead, raising his pale eyebrows significantly.

Fanny stood staring at Jane, twisting her limp gingham dress with one hand, three fingers of the other partly filling up her broad, vacant smile.

"Take yer fingers out o' yer mouth, Fanny," said Stephen in a voice which was exceeding gentle for him.

Fanny obeyed, and going to the curtained shelves in the middle of the room she took down a plate, cup, and spoon, set them on the table, drew up a chair, and began to eat without paying any attention whatever to either Jane or Stephen.

"Can she talk?" asked Jane in a low voice, as though she thought the child could hear only loud sounds.

"Yes, but she don't much," answered Stephen, in the same tone.

"How old is she?"

"Twelve."

Jane stared at the girl in surprise. "She don't look more than eight at the most!" she exclaimed, forgetting herself and raising her voice.

Butler shook his head solemnly. "You know she ain't all there," he said.

Fanny continued to eat in silence.

After supper, Stephen, to Jane's horror, produced an accordeon. With a supreme effort, however, she smiled and said agreeably,

"I didn't know you played."

"I don't much," he confessed modestly, "I just try at it once in a while."

Jane sat down in the squeaky rocker, Stephen sat in a straight-backed kitchen chair opposite her. The oil lamp threw grotesque shadows on the white wall as Stephen's lean arms sawed the air, and his head, with its straw-colored hair and wisp of beard bobbed up and down in time to the old tunes he played.

Fanny sat on a shabby plush footstool with horn legs, her feet together, her knees apart, her ankles twisted awkwardly. She rested her elbows on her knees, her fingers again in her mouth, and stared silently at Jane.

Suddenly a faint scratching overhead made her look up. The thin cloth lining of the ceiling sagged strangely in the corner near the stove. Then, as she looked, the point of depression moved across the whole width of the ceiling, as though some one above were rubbing his hand across the flimsy material.

Stephen followed the direction of her gaze. "Rats," he explained briefly.

Jane rose suddenly, trying to suppress a shudder.

"I'm tired," she said. "I think I'll go to bed."

Butler arose and carried the lamp into the hall. Fanny darted up the steep steps ahead of them and Jane could hear her moving about in the adjoining room as she undressed. She took up the lamp and moved toward the door.

"Where you goin'?" asked Stephen.

"I'm going to see if she's all right, I don't think she's got a light," answered Jane.

Stephen caught her arm. "She can get along all right, don't you bother," he said.

"She's gotten along all right too long already," she said impatiently, but Stephen's grip on her arm tightened.

"You're too tired to bother to-night; she's all right, I tell you!"

Jane's arm began to tremble so violently with fatigue and temper that Stephen had to take the lamp from her hand, and she made no further attempt to see Fanny that night.

Early the next morning Jane stood outside the kitchen door, loth to leave the morning sunlight and the sweet, sharp air for the close, dark kitchen, where it seemed to her that days of work would be necessary before she could accomplish order. Joe Williams, who slept at home, had arrived and he and Stephen had gone off toward the hay-fields. Fanny had disappeared immediately after breakfast.

Jane had just come up from the creek with two heavy buckets full of water and as she stood by the door resting, she looked around at the outside of her new home. It seemed more attractive to her now than it had before in spite of the fact that the bright light showed up the crude lines of the house and the big red barn.

She did not allow much time, however, and picking up the pails, entered the house and plunged into her work.

Toward the middle of the morning a sudden darkening of the light made her look up to see Stephen standing in the doorway, not daring to enter the room, flooded as it was with soap-suds. He looked perturbed.

"What's the matter?" asked Jane.

"That fool, Joe, fell under the rake," he began, then seeing Jane's horrified expression, he added hastily, "Oh! he ain't hurt much,—just shook up a little,—but he had to go home." He hesitated and cleared his throat, then, as Jane waited in silence for him to go on he asked:

"Can you drive?"

"I guess so, a little," answered Jane.

"I wonder if you could come out after awhile and help for to-day," he said. "I can't get anybody else an' I've got to get the hay in by to-night."

"But if Joe couldn't do it, how could I?" asked Jane in amazement.

"Joe was just careless,—that's all. There isn't a bit of danger." The already familiar impatience had come into his voice.

Jane looked out of the window across the hay-fields, some of them already mown. The irregular patches of stubble stretched like pieces of mottled velvet on the steep hillsides, to the mountains beyond with the deep cleft which marked the canyon of the stream that flowed past the house.

It would be far pleasanter out there, she decided.

"But I haven't finished here yet," she said dubiously.

"Oh well, after dinner'll be all right, I guess," said Stephen and hastily strode away before she could reply.

By tremendous exertion Jane finished her cleaning by dinner time, and afterwards she followed Stephen to the hayfield. The coolness had gone out of the air by this time. The hot sun beat down on the field and the dust from the road blew across it in clouds. After the first few rounds the novelty wore off and the unaccustomed exertion told on her as she followed Stephen, who was driving the mowing machine.

That night she was too tired to go into Fanny's room, although she had some twinges of conscience. The window was still closed, but beyond an unanswered irritated remark on Jane's part nothing was said about it.

Joe Williams had been too much shaken to come back for several days, and as Stephen made no attempt to get another man, Jane was kept so busy with the housework and in the field that it was nearly a week before she went into Fanny's room. It was furnished with an old-fashioned, single bedstead of wood, a wash-stand, and a chair. A few clothes hung on nails driven into the wall. A small leather trunk stood under the window.

The room was in far better order than Jane had expected,—nevertheless she cleaned it thoroughly. Then she opened the trunk, expecting to find the rest of Fanny's clothes. But the garments were those of a grown woman made in a style of several years before. As she knelt looking through them she heard a sound behind her and turned to see Fanny standing in the doorway.

"Are these your mother's clothes?" asked Jane. The child nodded.

"Did your mother live here?" Fanny nodded again and sidled nearer to Jane, smiling shyly, her fingers as usual in her mouth.

She seemed such a gentle, forlorn little creature that Jane, with sudden remorse for her neglect, put her arms around the child. Fanny made no movement to free herself, but she stiffened her body and Jane dropped her arms with a feeling of helplessness.

There was still a third room on this floor which Jane had discovered was used as a storeroom, but thanks to Mrs. Green, it was in good order and Jane had not yet had time to examine the contents thoroughly.

That night Stephen announced his intention of going to town the next day.

"I may have to stay over night, maybe two nights," he said. "You won't mind bein' here alone, will you? There's nothin' to be done, but take care o' the house,—Joe'll attend to everything else."

"Will he sleep here?" asked Jane.

Stephen stared at her in amazement. "If you're afraid, o' course he will."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Jane hastily, her sallow face reddening.

Stephen left early the next morning. Jane spent the time until noon in sewing for Fanny, who was losing some of her shyness and becoming more communicative. By afternoon she had so far unbent as to offer to show Jane a family of kittens in the barn.

On hastening to the house she was surprised to see a buggy drawn up before the door. Her caller was Mrs. Green,—a nervous little woman whose volubility was as great as though four of her front teeth were not missing. It was not until she had left that Jane realized that this was her first visitor.

She was still pondering over this when she went to bed that evening. Toward the middle of the night she awoke suddenly. She could hear no sound, but noticed that the window of her room was open and the curtains flapping.

"Steve must have fixed the window after all," she thought with a feeling of relief.

Just then she heard a loud thud in the hall and the curtains waved more violently out of the window. Jane arose and saw that the storeroom door had blown open and swung against the wall. As she closed it she was surprised to feel no draught from either window or door. She went back to her own room. The curtains were still waving gently.

She looked out of the window into the motionless, soundless night. There was not a quiver in the leaves of the willows and cottonwoods along the creek. The curtains billowed out into the night, yet

she felt no breath of air against her face. She tugged at her window, but it would not shut.

Jane shivered. She went back to bed and lay with her eyes shut until she fell asleep. Again she was aroused, this time by a loud sound. The moon was shining full into her room now, but she saw that the window was closed. She must have dreamed that it had been open. Then she noticed that the door, too, was closed and the room was stifling. Jane was sure that she had propped the door open the evening before with a brick covered with carpet.

"It must have slipped," she thought as she opened the door and placed the brick more firmly against it. She did not try to open the window, but went back to bed and lay tensely listening. Just as she had begun to relax drowsily, she heard the storeroom door bang against the wall. She opened her eyes and saw the curtains flapping gently out of the open window.

Jane's temper began to rise. No door fastened as securely as the storeroom door would be blown open by a passing breeze. Lighting a candle she hurried into Fanny's room. She seemed to be fast asleep, but Jane shook her roughly. Fanny sat up with a bewildered air and began to whimper, blinking in the sudden light in a way that proved her innocent of any nocturnal wanderings. Jane quieted her and sat beside her until she went to sleep.

As she left the room she turned to close the door behind her. The washstand, with an old mirror hung above it, stood beside the window opposite the door, and Jane looked directly into this glass. As she did so, a thin white cloud,—so faint that it seemed but a breath of moonlit mist, seemed to float across the dark surface. Jane closed the door hastily and turned to her own room. The door was shut and the carpet-covered brick lay in the middle of the narrow hall.

Jane did not look into her room, but hurried down-stairs, wrapping a small knitted shawl about her shoulders. She sat in the parlor, shivering and dozing, until dawn.

With the growing light Jane's disgust at her own foolishness increased, until she boldly went up to her room and dressed. She got breakfast and called Fanny, then when they had finished, took her along to inspect the storeroom.

The scanty floor space was nearly covered with boxes, an old trunk or two, and a few pieces of broken furniture. Leaning with its face to the wall was a large picture. Jane turned it around and found it to be a crayon portrait of a young woman.

"Was this your mother, Fanny?" she asked.

Fanny, her fingers in her mouth, shook her head violently. Jane impatiently pulled the child's hand away from her face.

"Who is it?" she asked. Fanny was silent.

"Don't you know who it is? Can't you tell me?" Jane's voice had grown persuasive.

But Fanny was backing toward the door, her eyes on the picture. Then she turned suddenly and ran from the room as if it had frightened her.

Jane resignedly leaned the picture against the wall and moved to the nearest trunk. Lifting out the tray she discovered the lower part of the trunk to be filled with a woman's clothes of a fashion somewhat more recent than those in Fanny's room. There were several faded albums and autograph books in the tray. As Jane picked up one of the gaily colored volumes, a small photograph fell out into her lap. It was the original of the enlargement leaning against the wall. On the back was written in a neat, slanting hand Mary S. Butler. Jane sat before the open trunk a long time thinking. Her husband's sister was dead and he had no other relatives. Yet she was sure he had said his sister's name was Ethel. Fanny must have known this woman,—she must have lived in this house.

Jane arose at length and putting on her coat and hat, told Joe Williams to drive her to the Green ranch.

She found Mrs. Green at home, and after having discussed the weather uneasily for some time she led the conversation around to Fanny.

"And,—did you know Fanny's mother?" she ventured to ask at last.

"Ethel? Well, yes, I knew her better than Mary," replied Mrs. Green. "Poor thing, she was kind o' queer,—a regular fresh-air crank. Had to have the windows open all the time, even in winter, so what with the cold and the hard work, she died, —poor thing! Mary was mighty different

when she came. She couldn't stand a breath of air in the house,—never had window nor door open. She even had the window in her own room nailed up,—she said it was because it rattled, but I knew better. Lucky she and Ethel didn't live in the same house at the same time. They'd of worn the doors off their hinges and the windows from the casings." Mrs. Green stopped for breath.

"And Mary?" asked Jane faintly, "did she stay long?" Then seeing Mrs. Green's curious glance she added, "I—I don't like to ask Mr. Butler about his relations all the time, and yet it seems as if I ought to know."

"Of course," said Mrs. Green, pleased at this opportunity for gossip, "I know how 'tis. No, Mary lasted only about a year. They say she was awful mean to poor little Fanny,—worse than nobody at all. I'm glad you've come now to take care of her. We didn't like her bein' alone like that, but Mr. Butler wouldn't give her up."

"Did he have any other sister?" asked Jane.

"Sister!" Mrs. Green stared at her in toothless amazement.

Jane was hastily excusing her sudden departure as well as she could.

To her surprise, she was met at the door of her own home by her sister Anne. Jane's joy and relief were so great that she lost her last shred of self-control and began to cry hysterically.

Anne drew her into the house and pushed her down into a chair.

"I didn't know it was as bad as all that, tell me all about it," she said, patting Jane's hand soothingly.

Jane told her story brokenly to the end.

Anne spoke grimly, "Both those women were his wives."

"I kind of suspected it," said Jane faintly.

"You can't stay here any longer," Anne concluded. "Pack your bag. I'll go and tell that man to hitch up again and take us to Alder, so we can get the stage."

"But Fanny," protested Jane, "you know the little girl."

"Oh yes," said Anne, "I heard about her. Do you want to take her along?" Then without waiting for a reply she said: "I'll find her and get her ready; he'll probably get her back later, but never mind."

She pushed Jane towards the stairs and hurried out of the house. Jane began to pack, urged on by the feverish dread that Stephen would return to prevent her departure.

She was just pinning on her hat when she heard Anne come up the stairs and hurry into Fanny's room. The spasmodic sounds which came through the thin partition informed her that Fanny was being prepared for the journey in short order.

In an incredibly short time she appeared at Jane's door.

"Come on," she said, "we're all ready."

Jane followed her half way down the stairs, then hesitated.

"What's the matter?" asked Anne.

"I forgot something. I'll be down right away;" and Jane turned and went back to her room. She crossed over to the window and examined it closely. It was closed and nailed firmly in place.

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EDITORIAL.

HOPE AGAIN DEFERRED.

A short time ago the prolonged negotiations in London seemed to have reached a satisfactory termination. The Balkan allies had insisted that the Turks should yield Adrianople and the Ægean Islands. It was particularly distasteful to the Turks to think of giving up Adrianople, which is to them a sacred city. Every device of procrastination had been used to defer as long as possible the humiliating surrender. There had been delay for the Occidental Christmas, and for the Oriental Christmas, for the reception of advices from home governments, and for the decipherment of dispatches. But when every resource had been exhausted, the Turkish envoys expressed their readiness to face the inevitable and yield what they could no longer defend. The civilized world breathed more freely in the belief that the main contentions of the war were settled, and that only minor details remained to be discussed. Peace seemed assured.

But at this moment public sentiment in Constantinople overthrew the ministry and brought a new set of men into power. The envoys were recalled from London and negotiations broken off. No one knows now what will happen next. In case the "young Turks" renew the war, the gravest complications between the powers of Europe may result.

FARNSWORTH MUSEUM OF ART.

An exhibition is being held in the Art Museum of fine photography, by Mrs. C. S. Emmons of Newton, the mother of Dorothy Emmons of the class of 1914. A great variety of subject is shown, from morning vapors on the mountains of New Hampshire to farmhouse interiors, and barnyard groups.

Attention is called to the delicate treatment of ferns and old-fashioned garden flowers; to the effectiveness of certain river views, and the play of light in the vivid genre workshop groups; also to the happy selection of animal subjects, as the cattle on the hillside, and the sow with her litter. But there are too many interesting or exquisite bits to enumerate them all.

The exhibition will be open from January 29 through February 11.

FOREIGN PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Art Department will be glad to order from abroad unmounted photographs for any member of the college. Price-lists and illustrated catalogs may be consulted in the Art Library from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M.

Lists should be handed in not later than February 12 in order to secure the prints before the spring vacation.

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HISTORY LECTURE.

On Thursday evening, January 23, a lecture on "The Prospects of the Chinese Republic," was given in College Hall Chapel by Mr. J. O. P. Bland, formerly correspondent of the London Times in Peking.

Mr. Bland outlined briefly the aggressive policy which Russia and Japan have employed toward China, both before and since their alliance in 1907, in pursuance of which they have obtained rights of colonization over Mongolia and Manchuria. This policy of crowding China out of those provinces which should form the natural outlet for her crowded population, is criminal on the part of Russia, which has no need for the land; Japan is less to be blamed, as her economic pressure is exceedingly great.

Mr. Bland then considered the question of the Yellow Peril. The fear, entertained by some, of a great Chinese invasion, he proved to have been greatly overestimated by journalists and also by the German Emperor, who had a vision of himself on a white horse, riding at the head of the European hosts to repel the Asiatic marauders. The temper of the Chinese people would effectually dispel any such fear, for they are essentially a commercial and peaceful nation, with too deep a sense of law and order to causelessly molest their neighbors.

The idea of their becoming an industrial menace was also proved to be groundless, for the Chinese, though thrifty, are afraid to spend their money in their own country lest the mandarins obtain possession of it, and as long as this attitude exists, industrial progress is impossible.

The real peril from the great yellow race lies in the danger of their breaking forth from their overcrowded country, and settling in other lands in great numbers, thus overtaxing their resources. The only ways to prevent this are, first: To force Russia to allow China to colonize Manchuria and Mongolia, hers by every natural right, and secondly: To educate the people, instructing them in economics, eugenics and sanitation, that they may thus be able to develop the natural resources of their country to their fullest extent.

China is a great nation and despite the crisis through which it is now passing, will live to be a still greater nation, for the standards of the people are such as insure success—unity of the family, thrift, and industry.

SOCIALISM CLUB.

Recently permission was granted by the Academic Council for the organization of a club for the study of socialism. The first open meeting of this club will be held on February 10, at 7.30, in one of the society houses. Members of the Faculty will speak for and against socialism. Notices telling about the place of this meeting will be posted later on each class bulletin board. All interested are cordially invited.

PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

Hon. Joseph Alsop of Avon, Conn., former state senator and now member of the National Committee of the Progressive Party, will speak in the Zeta Alpha House, Monday, February 10th at 7.45 P.M., on "The Reasons for the Progressive Party." All are invited.

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CONSOLATION HYMN.

I.

The Freshman from her desk arose
With mien sad and distraught,
She couldn't think that problem out,
Though she had thought and thought;
The Sophomore sweetly smiles at her,
A grown-up look she hath,
She flings aside her Kent and says,
"Don't worry about Math!"

Chorus.

"I never studied that so much,
And here I am, you see.
I just reviewed the night before—
Passed? Sure, I got a C."

II.

The Sophomore burns the midnight oil,
A-learning Israel's kings.
The Junior coming to her room
A-lightly says these things:

Chorus.

"Don't worry about Bible, dear,
I didn't, believe me!
I never crammed for the exam—
Oh yes,—I got a B."

III.

The Junior paces up and down,
Enter a Senior friend,
"You poor kid, are you scared of Psyc?"
(Then aid to her doth lend.)

Chorus.

"It's foolish, dear, to worry so,
It really doesn't pay
Get through all right? what do you think?
I really got an A!"

LOST JANUARY 18.

Between Wellesley Square and Stone Hall, via Fiske, a small embroidered crochet bag containing tortoise shell, tatting shuttle and work. Reward if returned to Nellie H. Ferger, 58 Stone Hall.

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COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Friday, February 7, College Hall, 3.30 to 5.00 P.M., reception.

7.15 P.M., Glee Club concert; immediately after the concert, in Mary Hemenway Hall, Senior Promenade.

Saturday, February 8, College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P.M., Glee Club concert.

Sunday, February 9, Houghton Memorial Chapel. 11.00 A.M., Rev. Raymond Calkins, Cambridge, Mass.

7.00 P.M., special music.

Monday, February 10, second semester begins.

Wednesday, February 12, Christian Association, College Hall Chapel. 7.30 P.M., "The Fast of Christ," Dr. Calkins. St. Andrew's Church. 7.15 P.M., "Mountains of Daily Life," Mary Clark, 1913.

READING OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

On Monday evening, January 27, at 7.30 P. M., in College Hall Chapel, Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, the Rev. Willard Reed, Professor T. LeRoy Sargent, Mr. George Browne and Mr. Francis Sears, of Cambridge, gave a dramatic reading of the Book of Job. Professor Sargent impersonated Job, the Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Browne and Mr. Sears, the friends. The dramatic and literary qualities of the book were brought out with striking effectiveness. The readers were the guests of Miss Hart, who held an informal reception for them in Faculty parlor earlier in the evening.

TRIP ABROAD.

Miss Lilla Weed of the Wellesley College Library will chaperon a small group of Wellesley students for European travel the coming summer. The tour will be managed and conducted by the American Travel Club of Wilmington, Del. Two successful parties, chaperoned in 1910 by Prof. Katharine L. Bates, and in 1912 by Dr. Katharine P. Raymond, have gone from Wellesley under this management.

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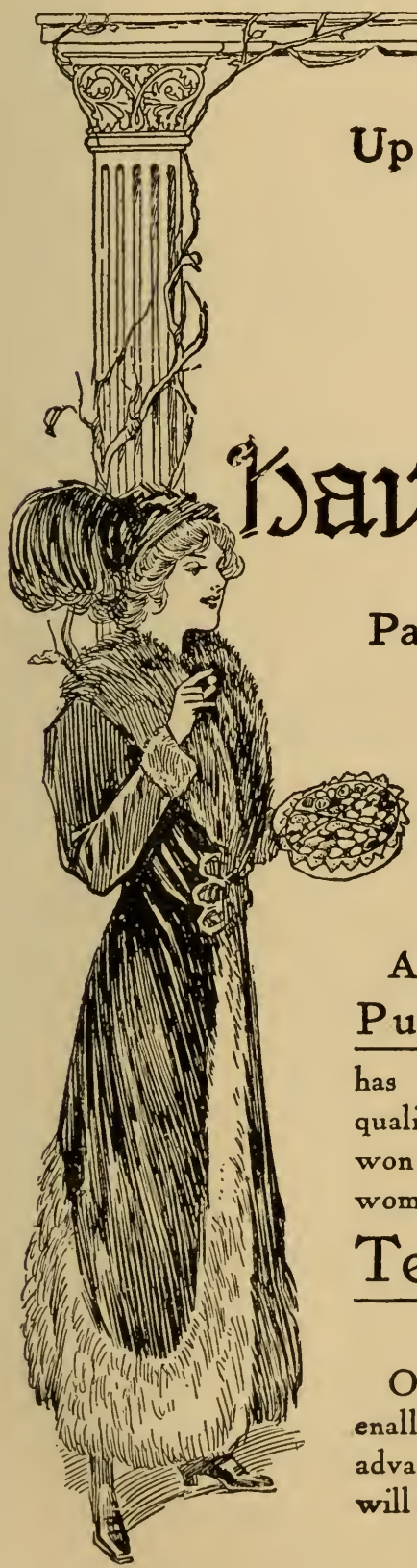

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